

Edythe Johnson
A Shakespeare
coloring book





Shakespearean pictures to color were very popular early in the 19th century. These sold for a Penny Plain, Tuppence Colored, and they adorned many an English nursery.

The Globe Theater, opposite, was built in 1599 for the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later the King's Men, of which Shakespeare was a leader. The audience was summoned by a trumpet and a flying flag. Food and drink were available and the spectators were very "merry and frolick." On June 29, 1613, the Globe burned down during the first performance of *King Henry the Eighth*; one man only "had his breeches set on fire, that perhaps had broiled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

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From Visscher's View of London, 1616, in the British Museum.
Visscher, in copying Norden's View of 1600, failed to see
the Globe and gave its name to the Rose.

The Globe

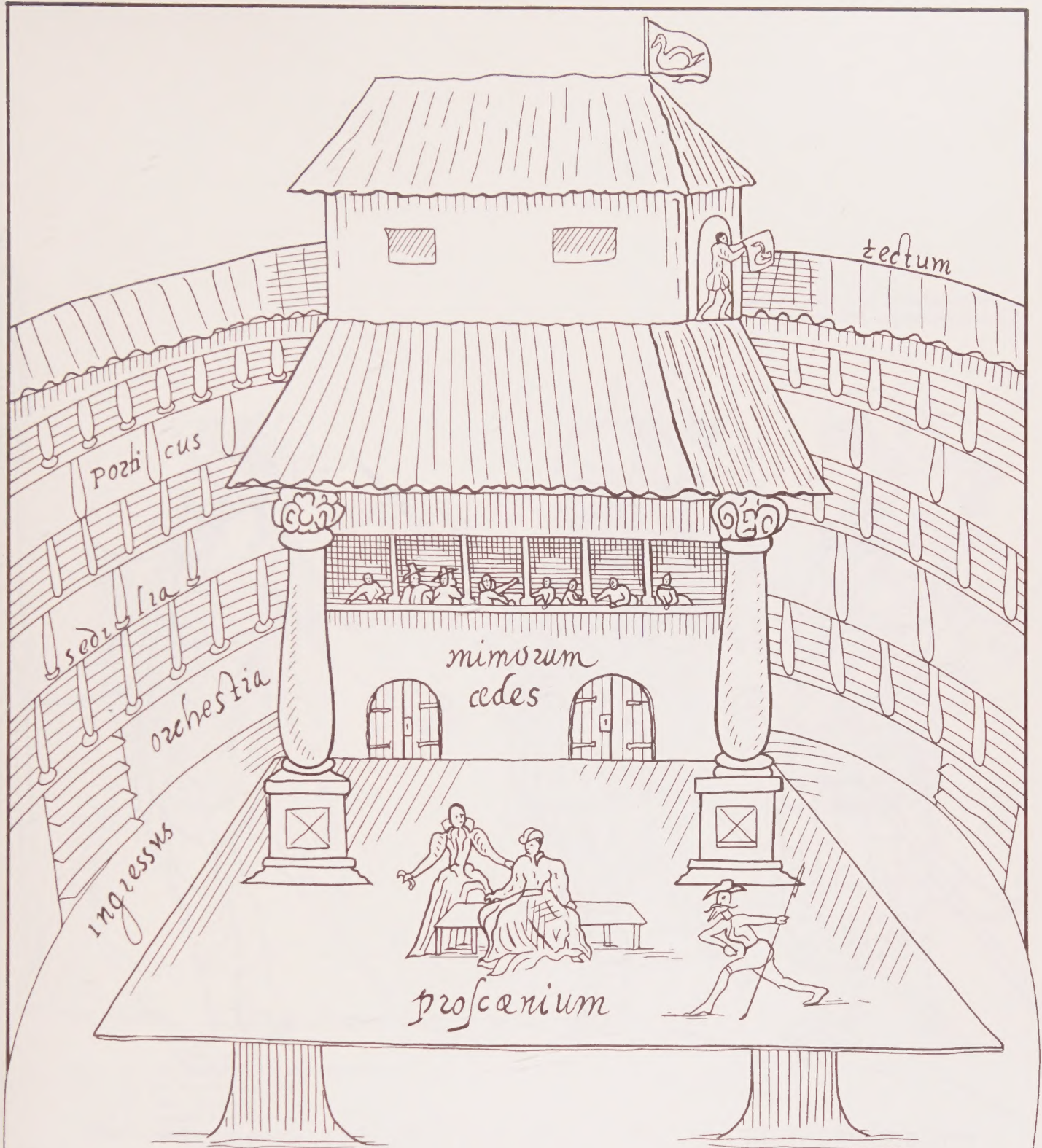




RICHARD THE THIRD

Act 5 Scene 4

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!



Inside the SWAN THEATER, built in 1595, with a capacity said by de Witt to have been 3,000. "The playhouses are so constructed that . . . everyone has a good view. There are different galleries and places, however, where the seating is better and more comfortable and therefore more expensive. For whoever cares to stand below only pays one English penny, but if he wishes to sit he enters by another door and pays another penny, but if he desires to sit in the most comfortable seats which are cushioned, where he not only sees everything well, but can also be seen, then he pays yet another English penny at another door." Thomas Platten, 1599. "In the playhouses at London, it is the fashion of youthes to go first into the yarde, and to carry their eye through every gallery, then like unto ravens where they spy the carion thither they flye, and presse as nere to ye fairest as they can." Stephen Gosson, 1582. "You shall see suche heaving, and shooving, suche ytching and shouldring, to sitte by women . . . suche ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking . . . that it is a right Comedie." *The School of Abuse*, 1579. Shakespeare and his company played at the Swan in 1596-7.

From the earliest known Shakespeare illustration,
the Peacham drawing, 1595; Longleat.



TITUS ANDRONICUS

Act 1, Scene 1

*Titus: . . . Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.*



Tamora: Stay, Roman bretheren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O! think my sons to be as dear to me . .

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Act 3, Scene 3



Petruchio. There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!



TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Act 2, Scene 3

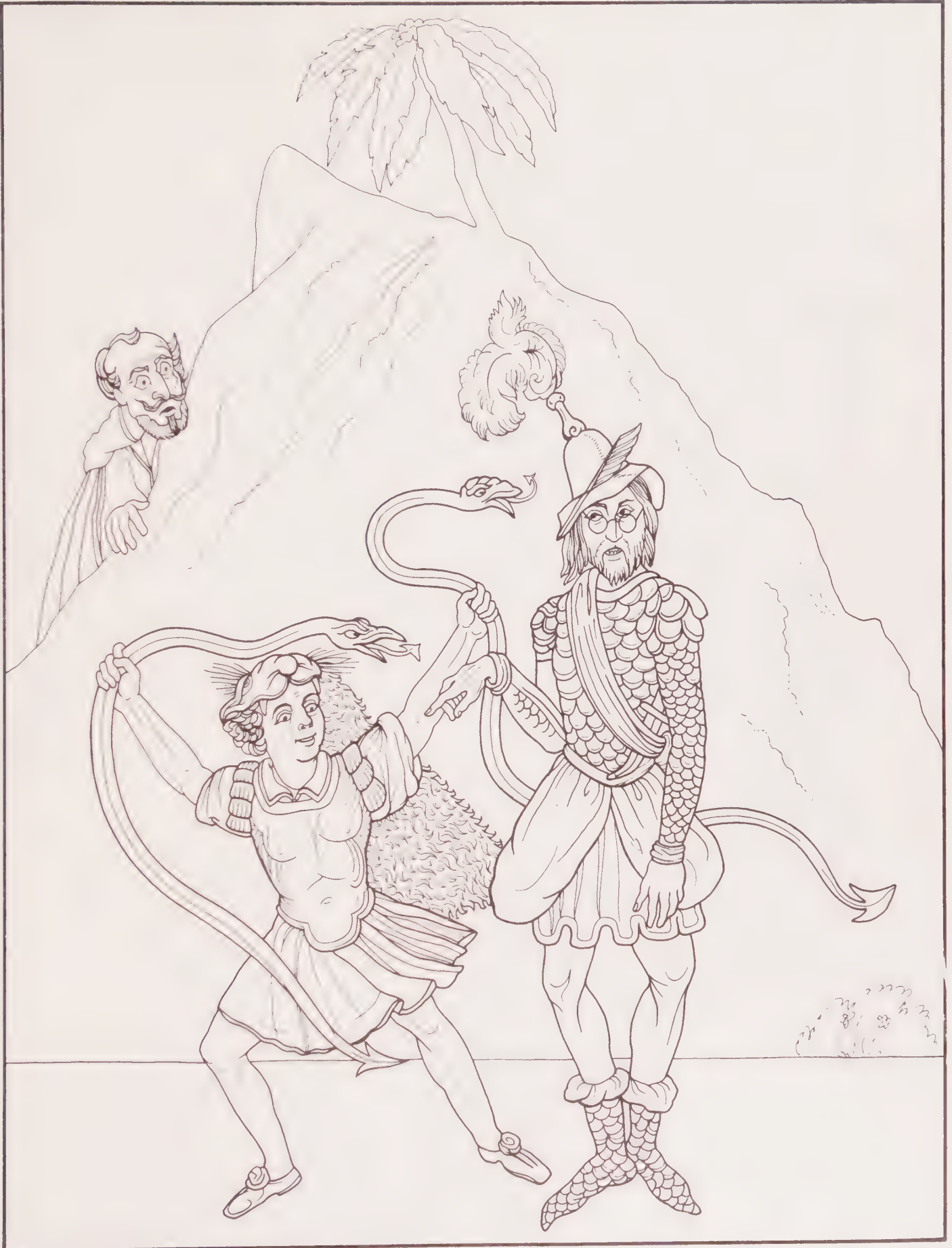
Launce. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives.
My mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid
howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great
perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is
a stone.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

Act 4, Scene 2



Holofernes... I will look again on the intellect of the letter,
for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

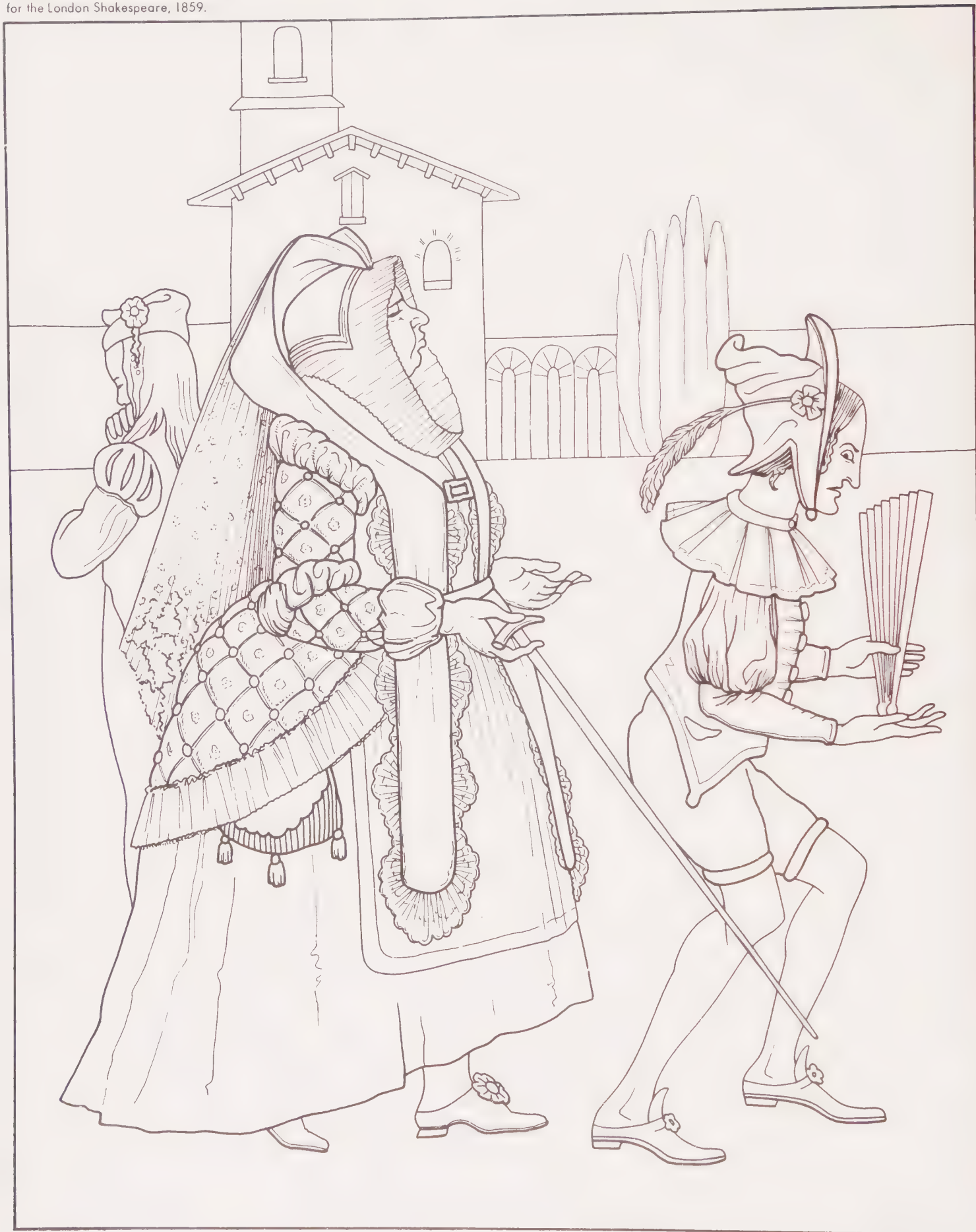


LOVE'S LABOR LOST

Act 5, Scene 2

Holofernes. 'Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.'

canus - canis, dog *manus* - hands



ROMEO AND JULIET

Act 2, Scene 3

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mercutio. Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

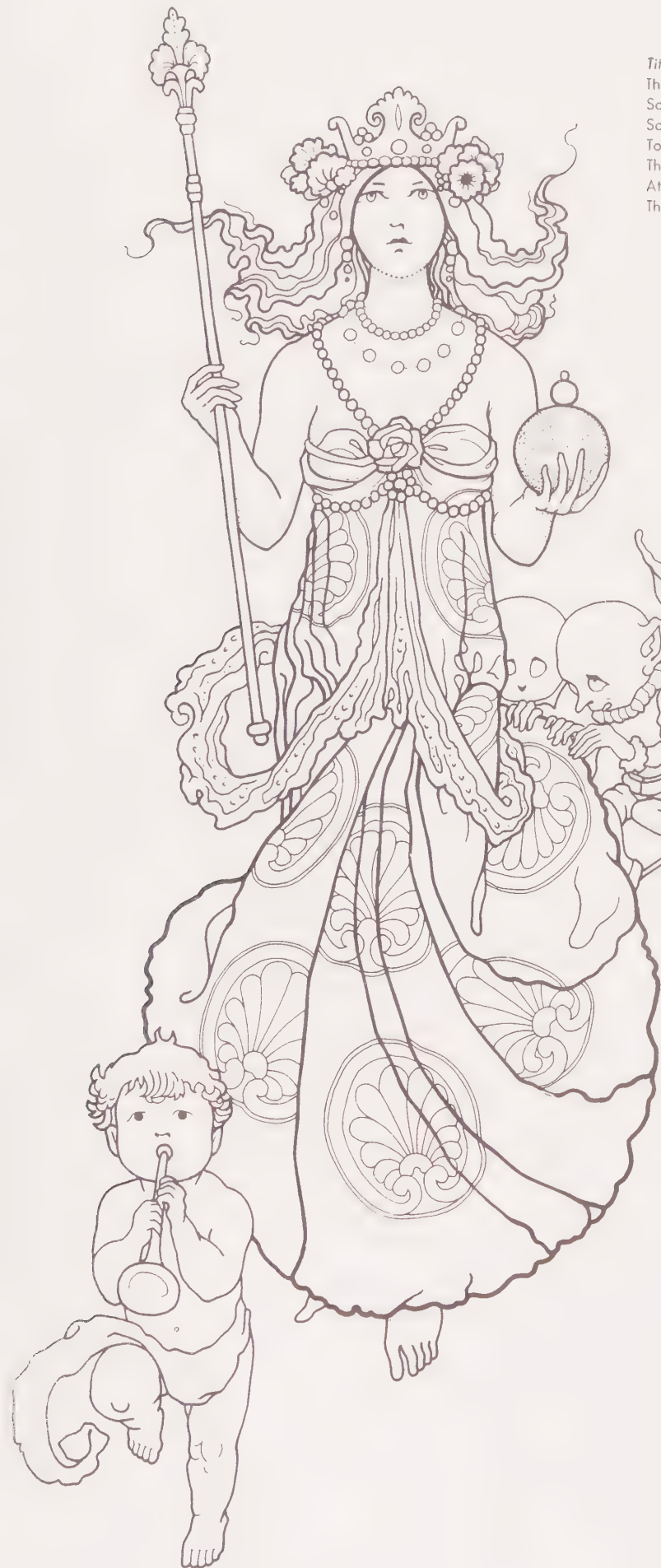
From an engraving by William Blake after an illustration by J. H. Fuseli for Rivington's Shakespeare, 1805.



ROMEO AND JULIET

Act 5, Scene 1

Apothecary. Put this in any liquid thing you will and drink it off, and if you had the strength of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.
 Romeo. There is thy gold – worse poison to men's souls, doing more murther in this loathsome world than these poor compounds . . .



Titania. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some to war with ere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.



Fairies sing

'You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.'

'Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.'

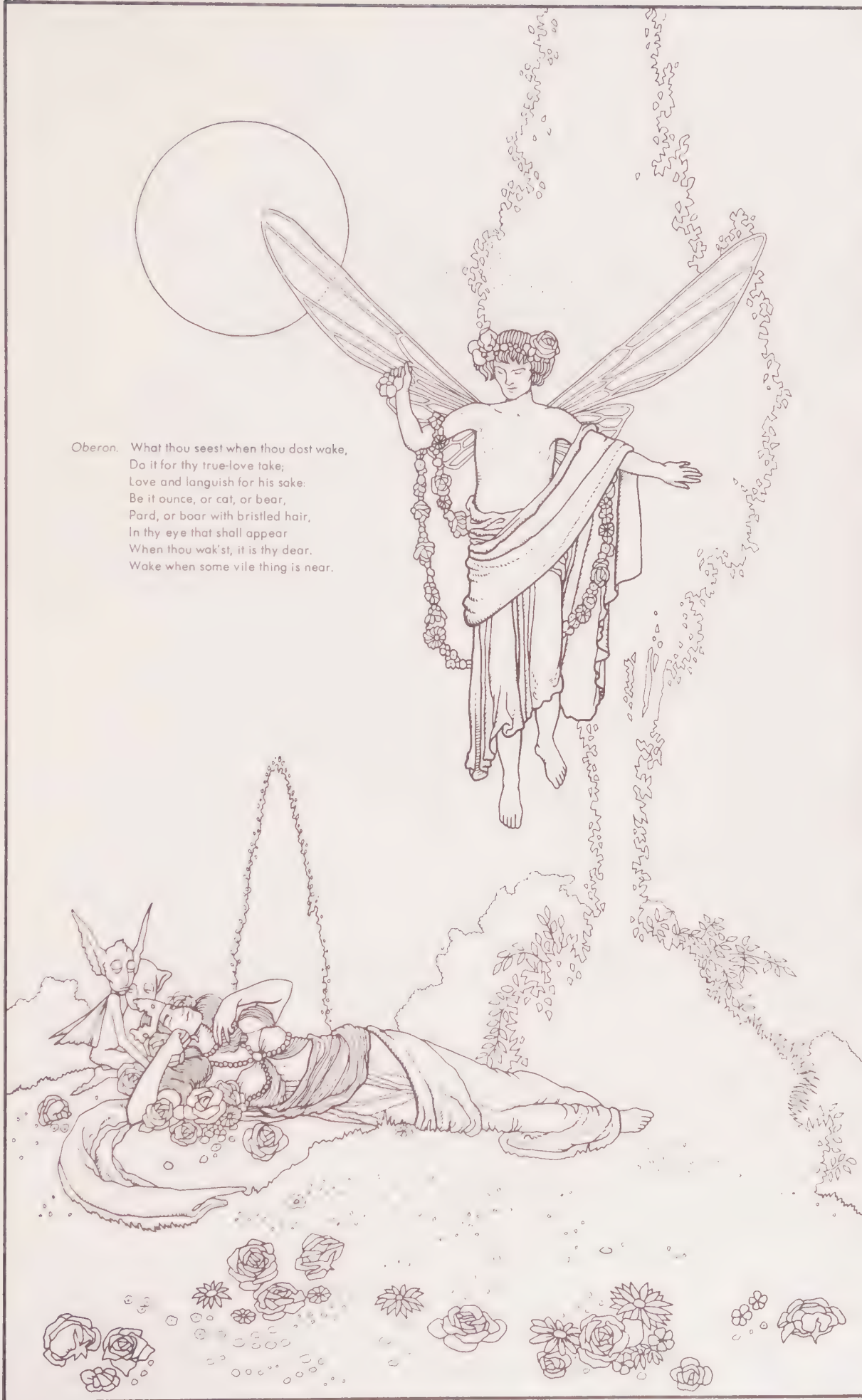
'Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody, &c.'

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Act 2, Scene 2

Oberon. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.





Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Act 3, Scene 2



**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S
DREAM**

Act 3, Scene 1

Bottom. . .

I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

'The ousel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The thristle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill.'

From a drawing by Inigo Jones for the Masque Oberon, c. 1611;
Chatsworth.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Act 5, Scene 1

Oberon. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier . .



KING JOHN

Act 5, Scene 1

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present med'cine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.



MERCHANT OF VENICE

Act I, Scene 3

Shylock. . . let the forfeit be nominated for an equal pound of your fair flesh . . .

Antonio. . . in this there can be no dismay, my ships come home a month before the day.



HENRY THE FOURTH PART II

Act 2, Scene 1

Hostess Quickly. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, . . .
to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst deny it? . . .
And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings?
Falstaff. . . . this is a poor mad soul.



HENRY THE FOURTH, PART I

Act 5, Scene 3

Hotspur. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hotspur. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince Henry. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of a name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.



HENRY THE FOURTH, PART I

Act 5, Scene 3

Hotspur. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us, and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine.

Prince Henry. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honors on they crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.
Hotspur. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

From a frontispiece by Kenny Meadows
for the London Shakespeare, 1859.

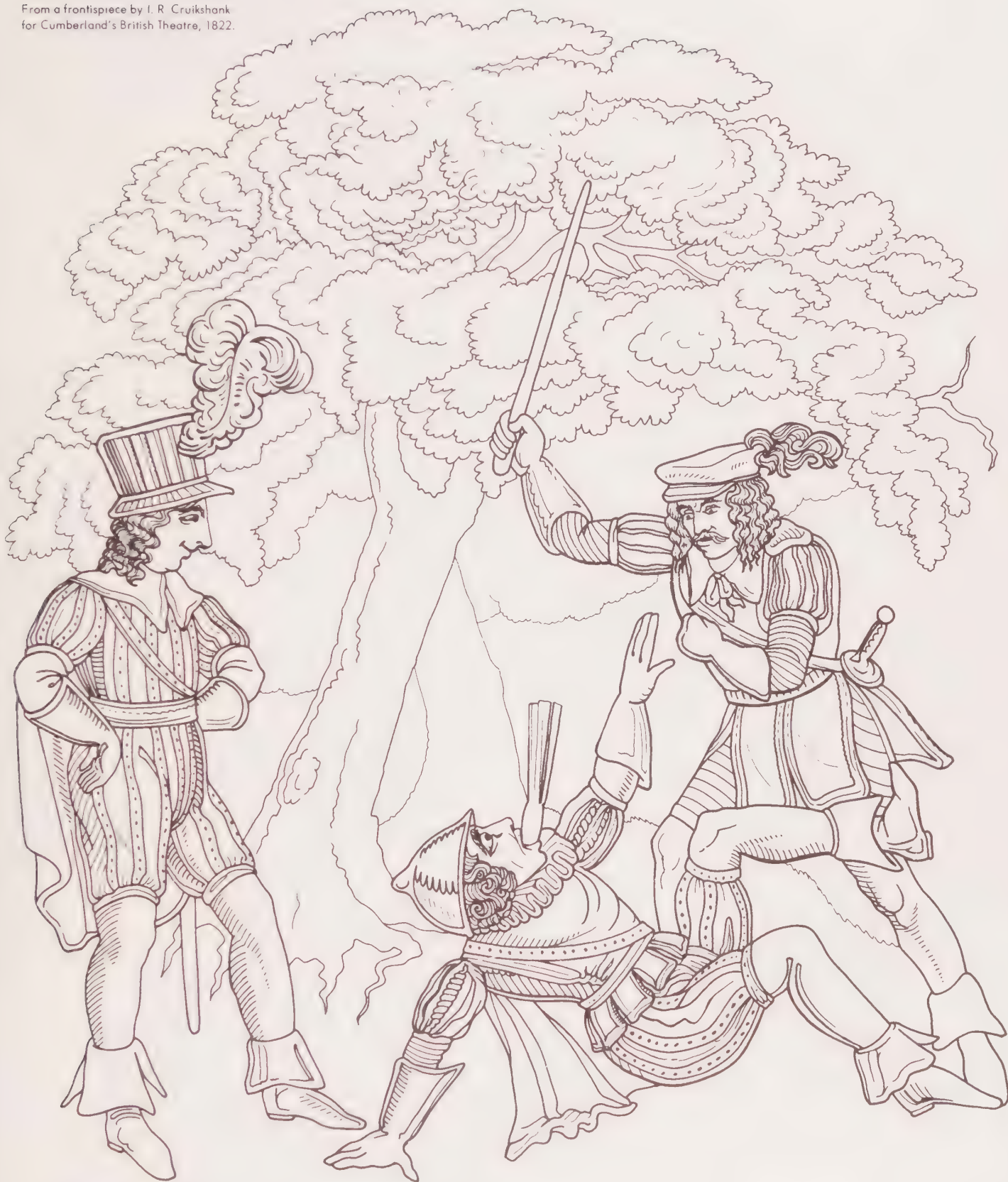


MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Act 3, Scene 3

Dogberry. Are you all good men and true?

From a frontispiece by I. R. Cruikshank
for Cumberland's British Theatre, 1822.



HENRY THE FIFTH

Act 5, Scene 1

Pistol. I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Fluellen. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek.

Pistol. Quiet thy cudgel. Thou dost see I eat.



MACBETH

Act 1, Scene 3

Banquo. What are these, so wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,



By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macbeth. Speak, if you can: what are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cowdor!
3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!



MACBETH

Act 5, Scene 1

MRS. SIDDONS, THE TRAGIC MUSE, REHEARSING HER PART AS LADY MACBETH
Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two. Why, 'tis time to do't.
Hell is murky.

From an illustration by Helen Stratton
for the Lamb Shakespeare, 1909.



Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. . . I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane,' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

MACBETH

Act 5, Scene 5

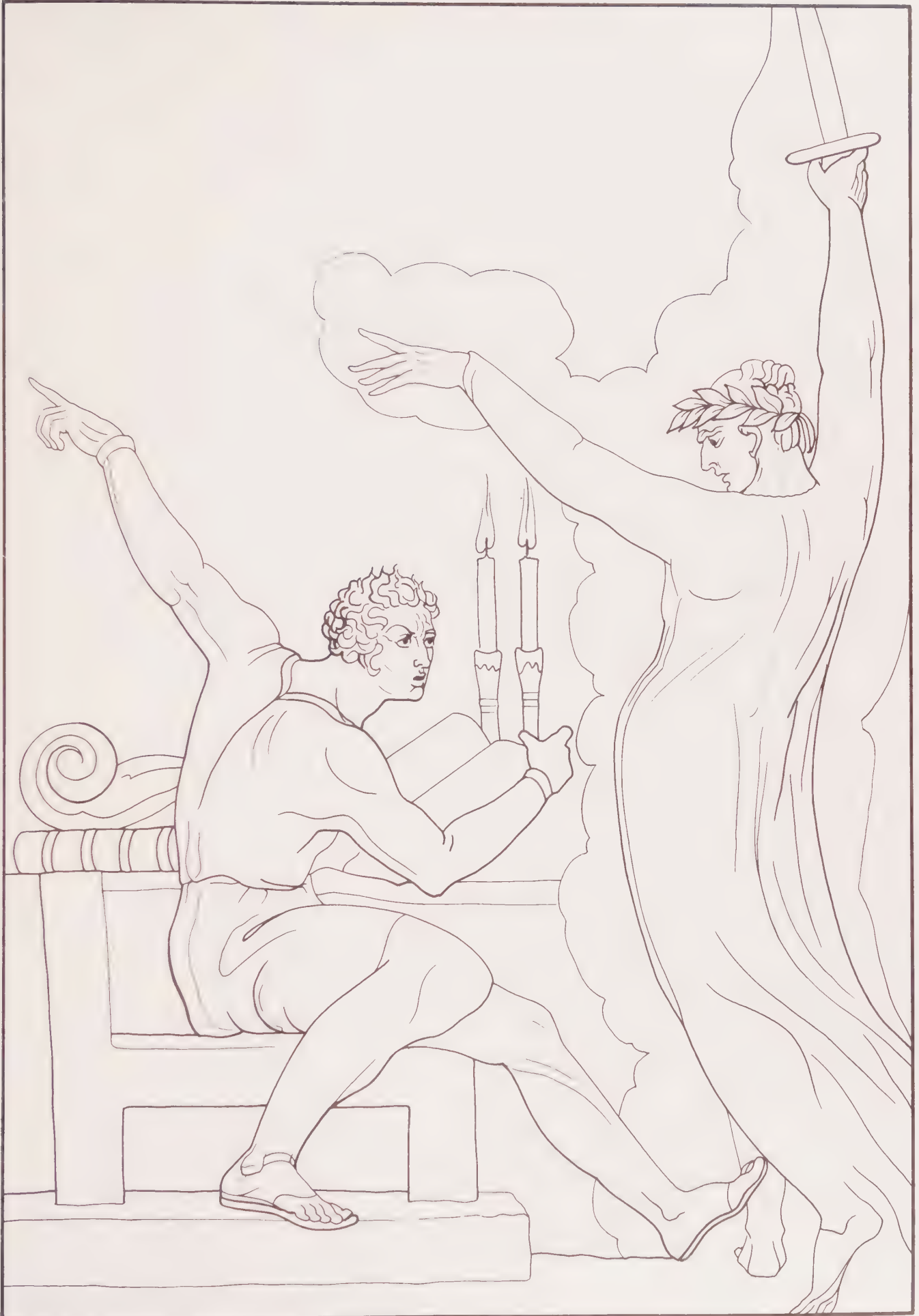
From a Tinsel Portrait of
Mr. William Creswick as Cassius, 1853.



JULIUS CAESAR

Act 5, Scene 3

Cassius. This ensign here of mine was turning back . . .



JULIUS CAESAR

Act 4, Scene 3

Brutus. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

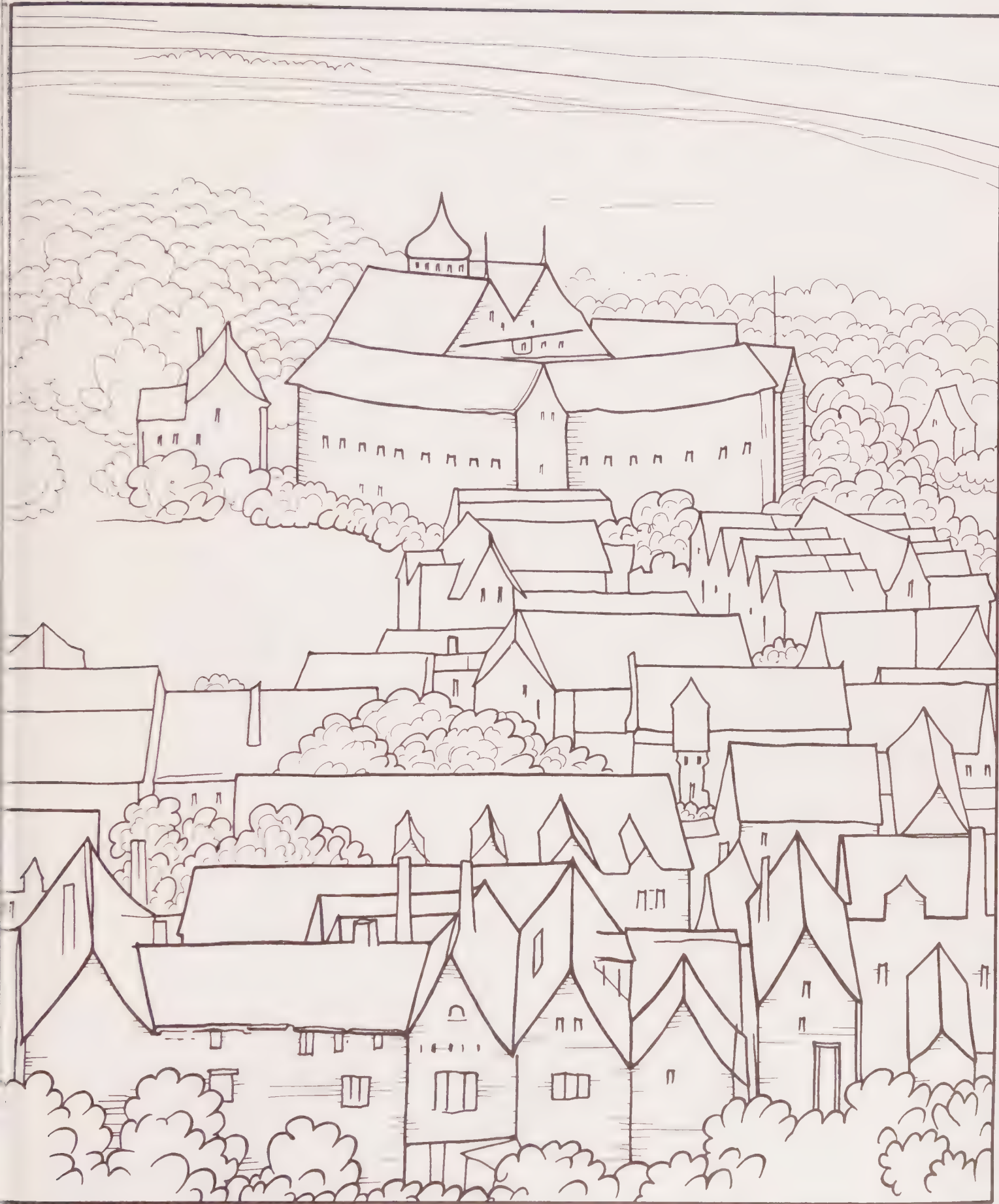


AS YOU LIKE IT

Act 5, Scene 1

Touchstone . . . we that have good wits have much to answer for.

From a drawing by Wenceslaus Hollar of the West part
of Southwarke, c. 1640; collection of Iolo A. Williams.

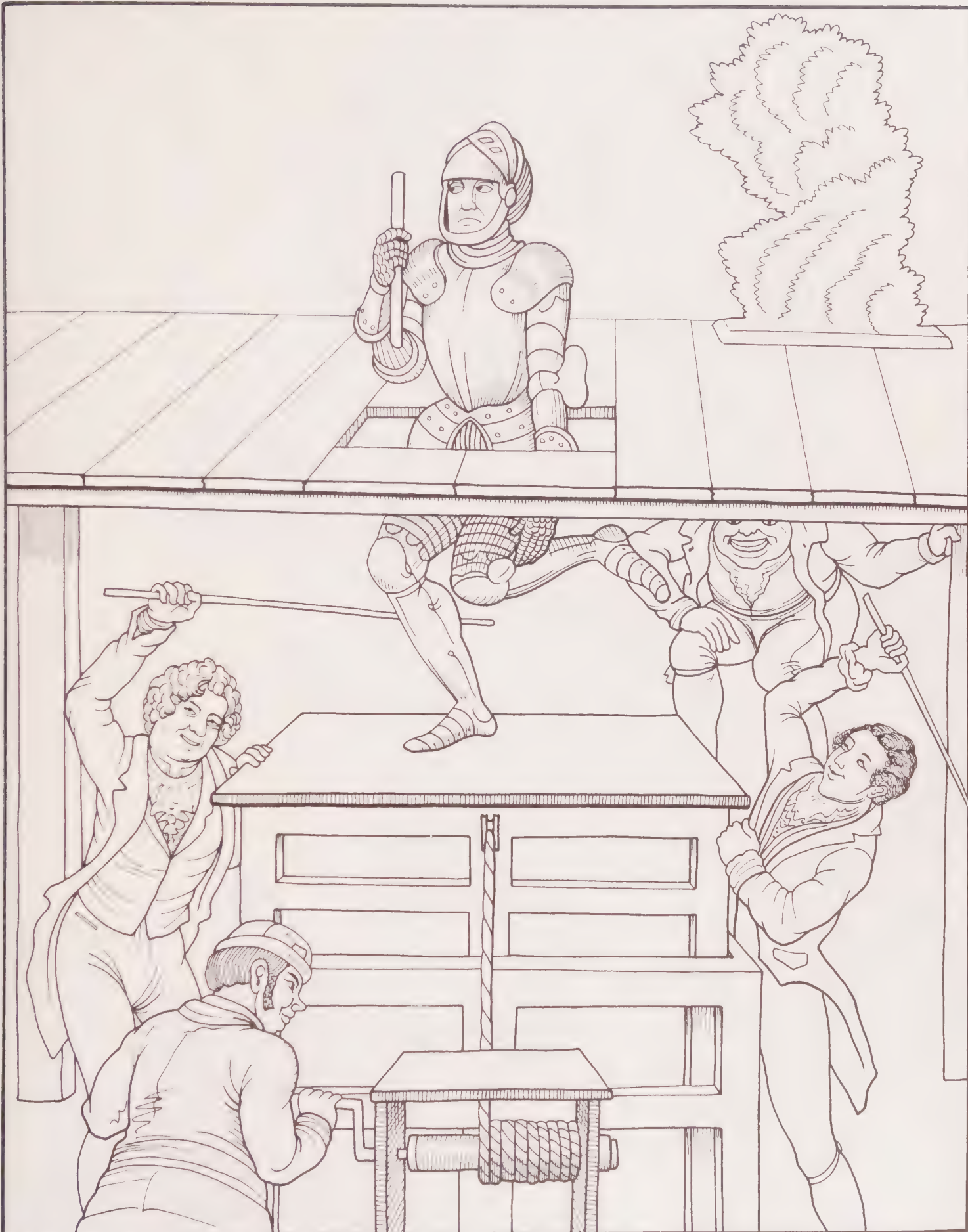


THE SECOND GLOBE THEATER



HAMLET
Act 1, Scene 4

Go on! I'll follow thee.

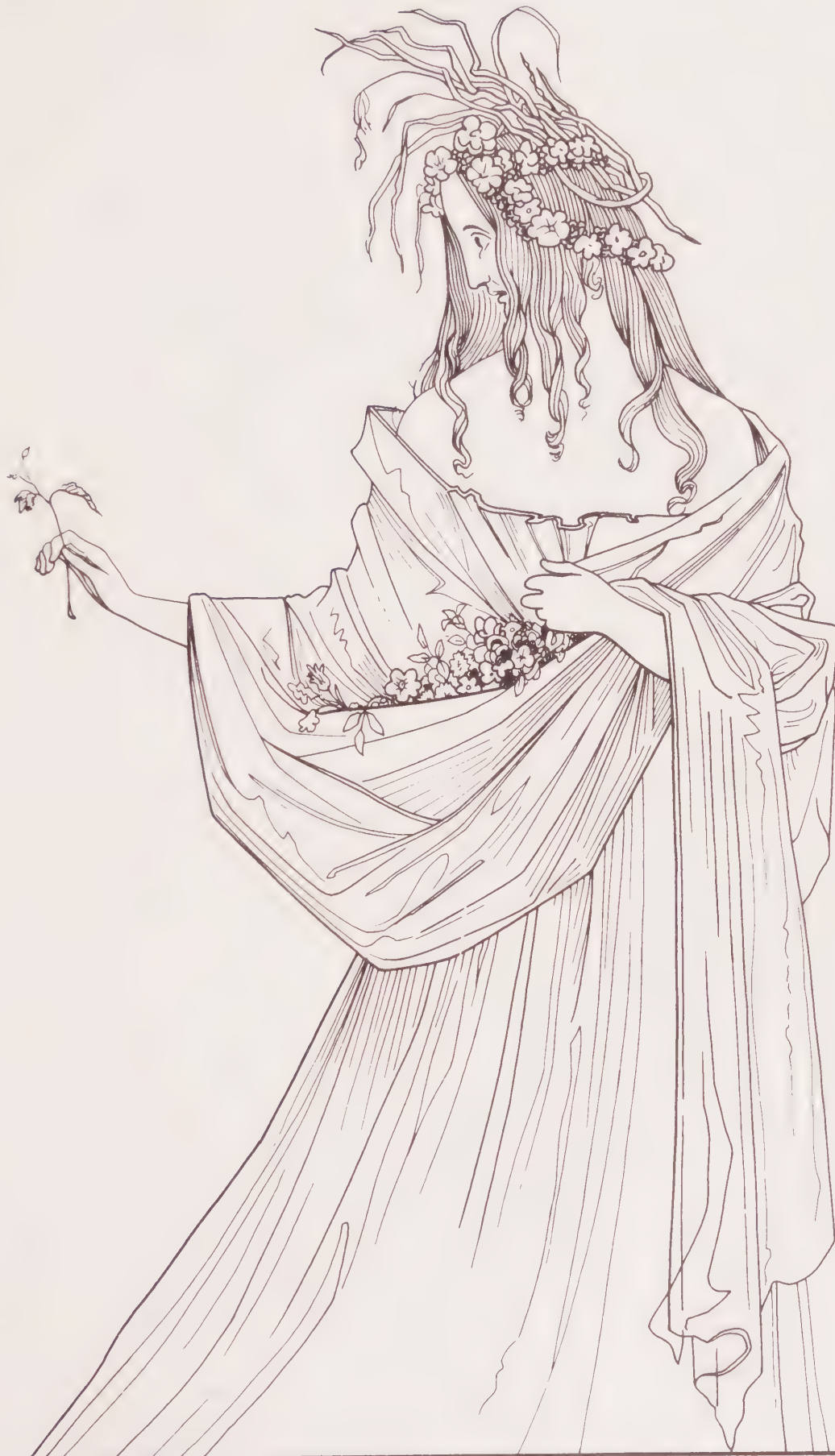


HAMLET

Act 1, Scene 5

*Ghost. Fare thee well at once! The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire; Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me.
Exit.*



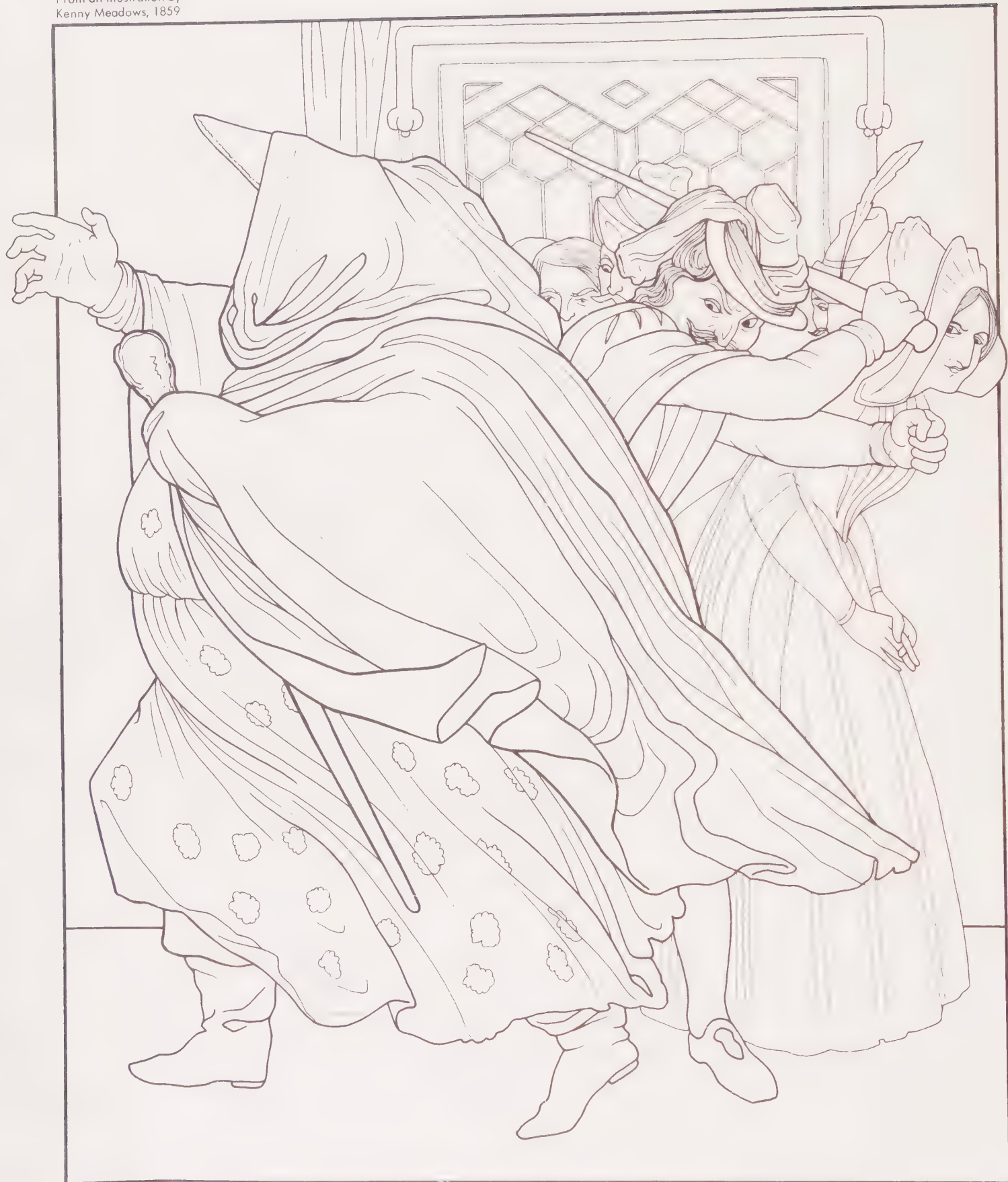


HAMLET

Act 4, Scene 1

Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. . . There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me . .

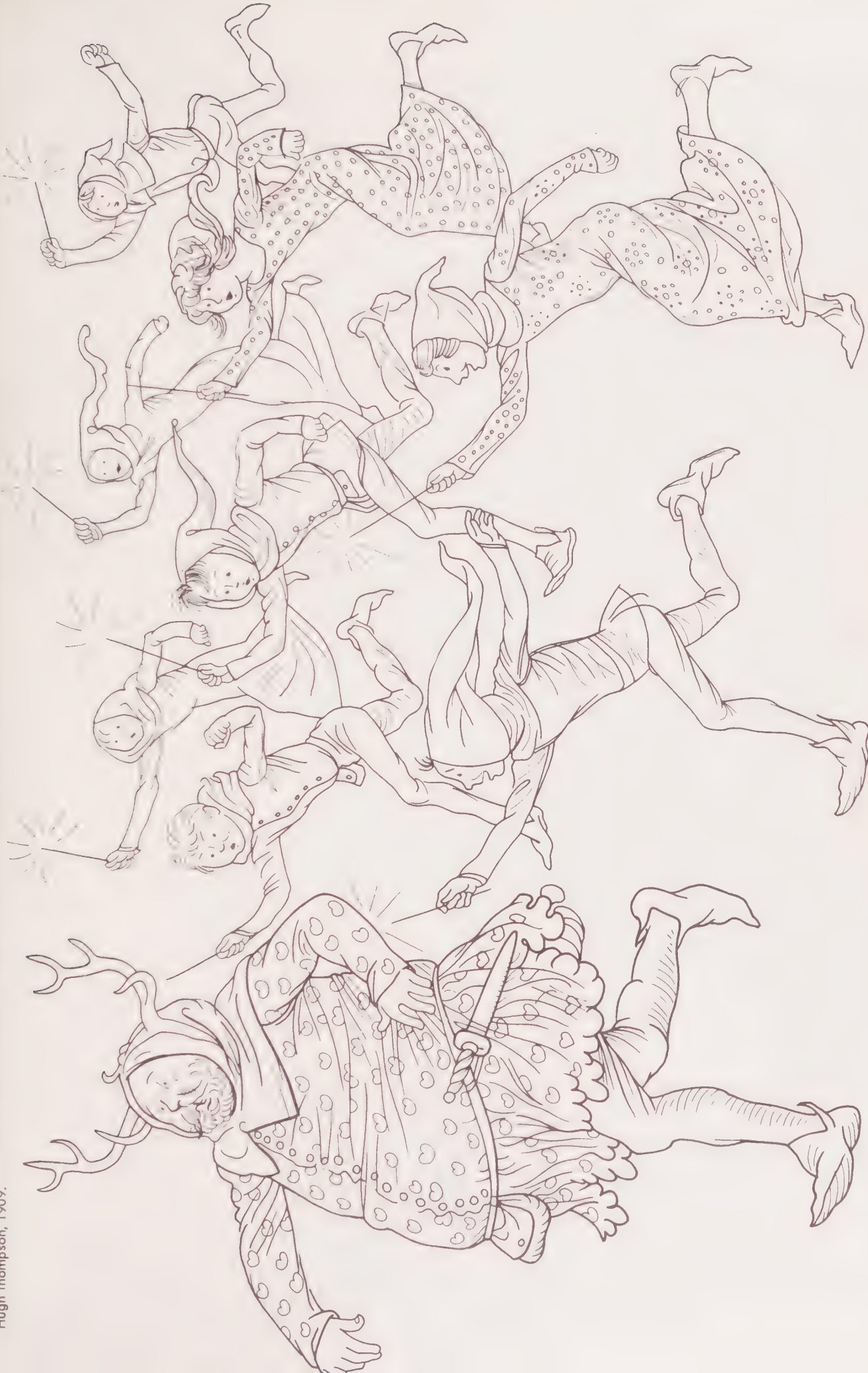
From an illustration by
Kenny Meadows, 1859



MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Act 4, Scene 2

Ford: Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out!
Exit Falstaff



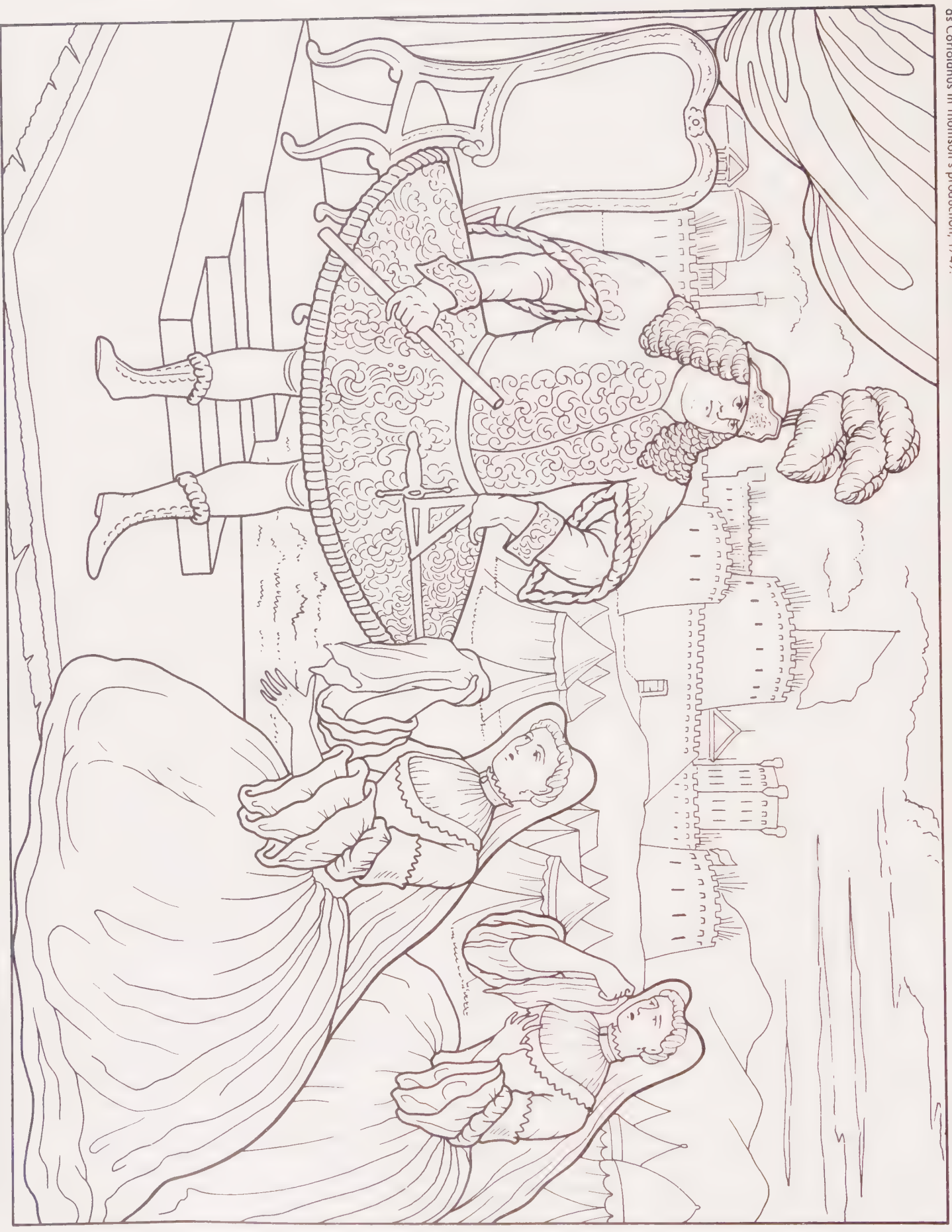
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Act 5, Scene 5 – Fairies chasing Falstaff

'Fire on sinful fantasy!
Fire on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.'



From an illustration of Sir John Gielgud as Benedick;
by Ronald Searle for Punch, London, 1952.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Benedick. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
Act 5, Scene 1



Ronald Searle

OTHELLO

Act 3, Scene 3

Othello. Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell! . . .
Iago. Pray, be content.
Othello. O blood! Iago, blood!

from an illustration of Richard Burton as King Henry V;
by Ronald Searle for Punch, London, 1951.



KING HENRY THE FIFTH

I am Welsh, you know . . .



KING LEAR

Act 3, Scene 2

Lear, Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drench'd the steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful men!

Fool. . . Here's a night pities neither wise men
nor fools.



TWELFTH NIGHT

Act 2, Scene 3

Maria. What a caterwauling do you keep here? ...
Sir Toby Belch ... 'Three merry men be we.'



CYMBELINE

Act 3, Scene 6

Belarius: By Jupiter, an angel!

Imogen: . . . Good troth, I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though
I had found Gold strew'd i' the floor.



THE WINTER'S TALE

Act 4, Scene 4

Florizel. . . . I cannot be mine own, nor any thing to any, if I be not
thine. To this I am most constant, though destiny say no . . .
Perdita. O lady Fortune, stand you auspicious.



THE TEMPEST

Act 1, Scene 2

*Caliban. . . and teach me how to name the bigger light and how the less,
That burn by day and night . . .*



THE TEMPEST

Act 1, Scene 1

Gonzalo: Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an
acre of barren ground . . .

From *The Tempest*
illustrated by
Arthur Rackham,
1926.

I need *BELLEROPHON* paper dolls,
Henry VIII & his wives,
and Queen Elizabeth I,
only \$1.50 a set . . .



THE TEMPEST
Act 1, Scene 2

PROSPERO. Hast thou
forgot the foul witch Sycorax . . .

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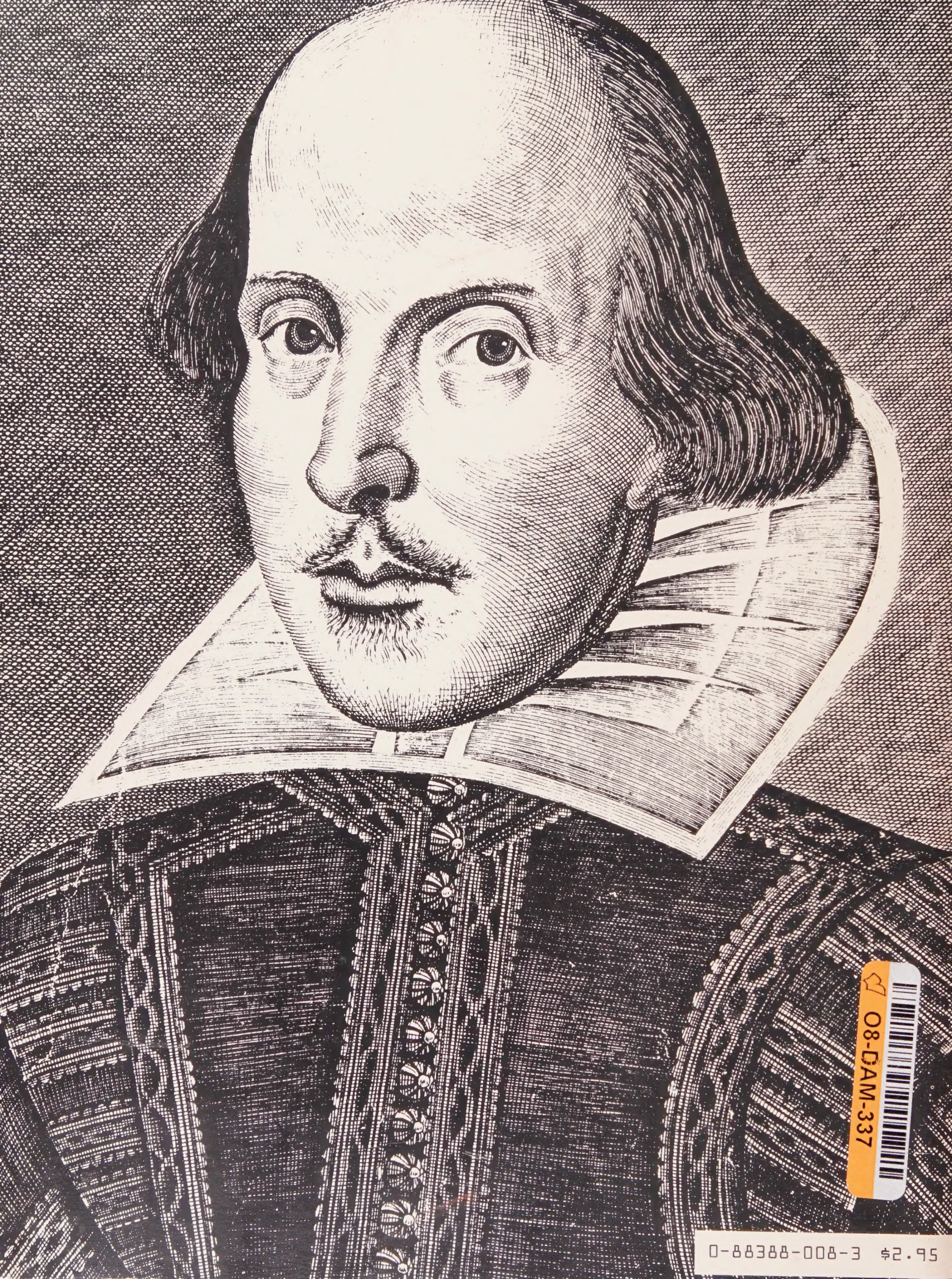
... my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late. Malvolio, Twelfth Night, Act 2, Scene 5, after Kenny Meadows, 1859

On the back cover is Droeshout's engraving of Shakespeare for the First Folio, 1623.



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